But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then shame to shame it so?
Land-lord of England art thou now not, nor King,
Thy state of law is bond-slaue to the law,
And thou.

King. Ah lunatick leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the Royall blood
With furie from his natiue residence.
Now by my Seates right Royall maiestie
Wert thou not Brother to great *Edwards* sonne,
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh spare me not my brother *Edwards* sonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* sonne:
That blood already, like the Pellican,
Hast thou tapt and drunkenly carowst:
My Brother *Glocester*, plaine well meaning soule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,
May be a president and witnesse good,
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood.
Ioyne with the present sickenesse that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
These words hereafter, thy tormentors be:
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die, that age and sullens haue,
For both hast thou, and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words
To wayward sicklinesse and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere,
As *Harry* Duke of Herford, were he heere.

King. Right, you say true; as *Herfords* loue, so his:
As theirs, so mine, and be as it is.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to
King. What sayes hee?
North. Nothing, all is sayd;
His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.
Yorke. Be *Yorke* the next that must be bankrout so
Though Death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
King. The ripest Fruite first falles and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our *Irish* Warres:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kernes,
Which liue like venome, where no venome else
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for these great affayres do aske some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seaze to vs,
The Plate, Coyne, Reuenewes, and moueables
Whereof our Vnckle *Gaunt* did stand possest.
Yorke. How long shall I be patient? Ah how long
Shall tender duetie make me suffer wrong?
Not Glocesters death, nor Herfords banishment,
Nor Gaunts rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace,
Haue euer made me sower my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the last of the noble *Edwards* Sonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first.
In Warre, was neuer Lion rage more fierce:
In Peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde
Then was that young and Princely Gentleman:
His face thou hast, for euen so lookt he,
Accomplisht with a number of thy houres;
But when he frowned, it was against the French,
And not against his Friendes: his noble hand
Did winne what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant Fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guiltie of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.